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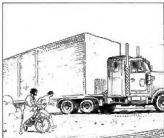
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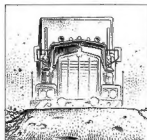
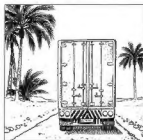
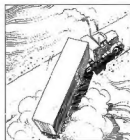
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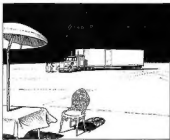
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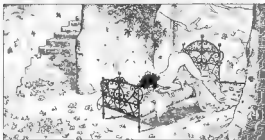
LARRY HAS READ, BERMAN AND LOU-LAN
SEARCHED FOR THE MYSTERY
MUTATION.



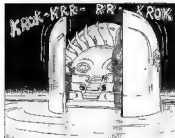






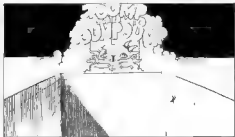












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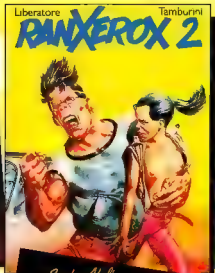


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HUNGHOLL THE SORCERER
IS NOT IN THE BEST OF MOODS

YOU LESSER
DEMONS THERE!
FALL! FALL ON
THOSE DARS TIL
YOUR SPINES
BREAK!

LEAVE ME ALONE
WENCH! I'VE GOT
ENOUGH PROBLEMS
AS IT IS!

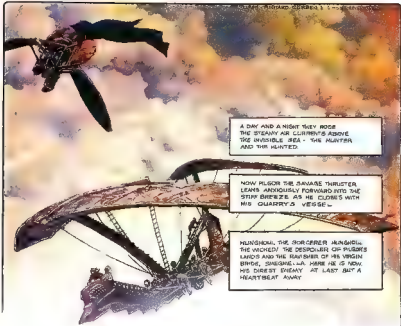
I HATE TO TELL
YOU, DEAR, BUT I
THINK YOU'VE GOT
ONE MORE PROBLEM.

3 PAUSE

DESICCATED
ZOMBIE!

SLAUGHTERER
OF INNOCENTS
FUFF! (PAUSE)

PURR: PAUSE /
FALL, ENCHANTER!
GASP! HUNGHOLL!
GIVE ME BACK,
MY WIFE! FUFF!
I FUFF!



A DAY AND A NIGHT THEY ROSE
THE STEAMY AIR CURRENTS ABOVE
THE INVISIBLE SEA - THE HUNTER
AND THE HUNTED.

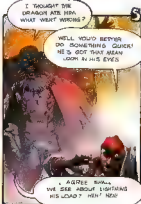
NOW ALSO THE SAVAGE THRUSTER
LEANS ANXIOUSLY FORWARD INTO THE
STIFF BREEZE AS HE CLOVES WITH
HIS QUARRY'S VESSEL.

MUNSHOUL, THE SORCERER MUNSHOUL
THE WICKED! THE DESPOILER OF PUDDY'S
LANDS AND THE RAIDER OF HIS VIRGIN
BRIDE, SWEETMELLA. HERE HE IS NOW,
HIS DEAREST ENEMY AT LAST BUT A
HEARTBEAT AWAY.

BY RICHARD CHERRY AND SIMON REYNOLDS



PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR A LONG STAY IN HELL,
SORCERER. MY SWORD
SHOESHUTTER THRUSTS
FOR YOUR BLOOD!
PUFF! PUFF!



I THOUGHT THE
DRAGON ATE HIM.
WHAT WENT WRONG?

WELL, YOU'D BETTER
DO SOMETHING QUICK!
HE'S GOT THAT MEAN
LOOK IN HIS EYES.

I AGREE SHALL
WE SEE ABOUT LIGHTNING
HIS LOAD? HENT! HENT!

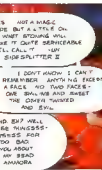
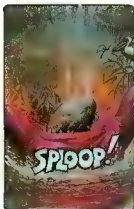


SSS-CRAK!

GASP! I MISSED
HE! COME FASTER!
DO YOUR WORST!
NOTHING CAN STOP
ME NOW! COURAGE,
SWEETMELLA -
I'M COMING.



THE OFFERING FROM THE HEAVENS
ACCEPTED THE SOFT UNDULANT
BOTTOM OF THE INVISIBLE SEA
ROLLS ON



WY MORE O
WAT ?

ROBBIE AMMORA AND I
WERE ASSO HAPPY SSSHE
WASSSS THE PERFECT SSSLAVE
THE PERFECT LOVE AVUE WHY
SSSHE EVEN USSED TO
GREAASSE HER BODY SSSSO
MY SSSCALASSS WOULDNT
CHAFE HER PINK SSSKIN

ARE LONG LEGGED AMMORA
A TRUE DAUGHTER OF THE
PERFUMED NIGHT! HER
JIGGERING BREAASSSSSS
WERE LIKE RUBY CROWNED
TEMPLE DOMESSS SSSSHEN
DURING AN EARTHQUAKE

AND WHEN
SSSHE DANCSSSED

I NEED A SSTRONG
SSSSWORD ARM, FELLOW
PIGRIM. WILL YOU WALK WITH
ME AND HELP ME FIND MY
LOSTST FAIR ONE ?

CRUNCH

WURE
WHY NOT ?

AND SO...

THE BODYSSSEY BEGINS

AMISHLY.



BLIMM!
WAAAAH! SWEET HEAT!

NOW WAIT
JUST A...



SHOOT!
SQUISH!
SLICK MATE!



THUMP!



AAAH
COUGH!
SPUTTER!



PURRRR DEEP
SOUL LOVES



BLURBLE!



METHKLESS THE TIME JSSSS
GONG FOR POOR YTONA TO MAKE
A MOVE HE NEEDSS MY HELP

ISSST ASSS L
NEED HSSSS



JOIN
EAT
SWEET MEAT
YUM Y

ST GO
AWAY
NE



AM' OBVIOUSLY A
MAGIC SWORD!
IF ONLY I CAN
REACH *



RUSTED S&H?
OH WELL RIGHT NOW
EVEN A NON MAGICAL
SWORD LL DO

THAP!
WHAP!
TAP!



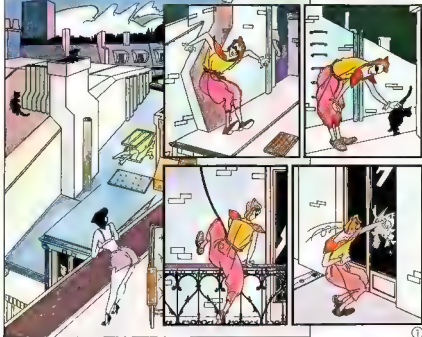
THUD
WHAM
THWOCK



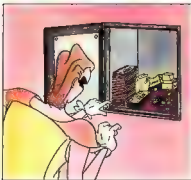
* DIRECTIONAL
DASH
FORGET IT
JUST EAT!

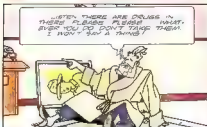
Le Chat

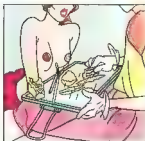
by Manoeuvre and Beja

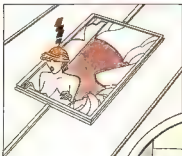


Le chat glides through still air, doesn't make a sound





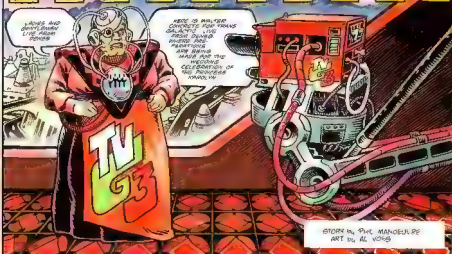


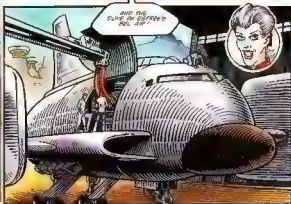
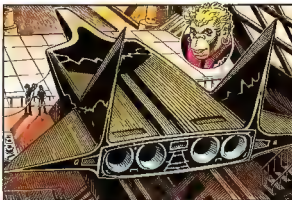


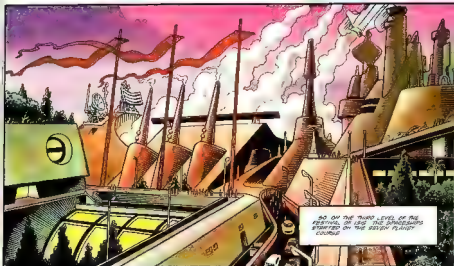
Well this is
the End ...

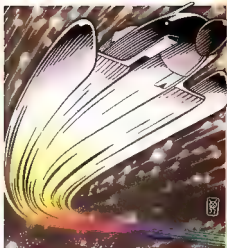
* THANKS FOR LAST
NIGHT I TOOK
YOUR CAT

SUPERFLITE











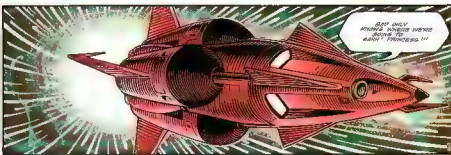
BUN BANDER IS APPROACHING THE
SECOND PLANET. AND ALL OF A SUDDEN
FINDS ITSELF IN A NOVA!



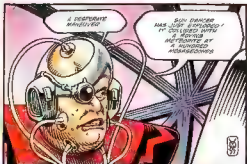
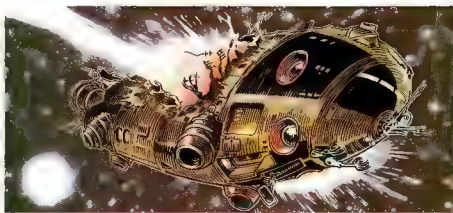
SHIIIT!!

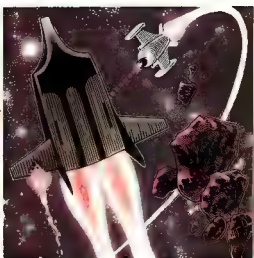


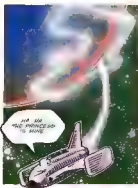
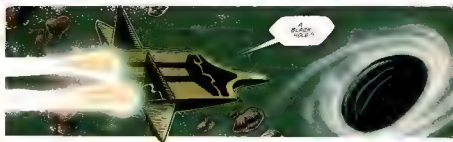
WE'RE
RIPPING INTO
HYPERSPACE!

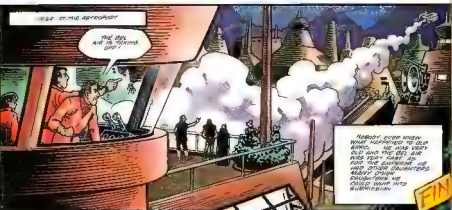


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BURN! PRINCESS!!









Dossier

Scream Gems: Director Larry Cohen

A flying serpent makes its nest in Manhattan's Chrysler Building and snatches topless sunbathers from rooftop terraces. A monstrous baby, mutated by toxic wastes, kills a milkman in its quest for food. A Christ-like alien reveals his hermaphroditism and offers to mate with his earthling half-brother. A yogurt-like substance called "The Stuff" ("You like it. It likes you") begins to devour American consumers.

Are these the reveries of a culture burnout? Well, maybe. But they're also scenes from Larry Cohen movies. The flying serpent is the apocalyptic star of *Q: The Winged Serpent* (1974), the monstrous baby is from *It's Alive* (1974) and its sequel *It's Alive Again* (1978), the alien bisexual from the 1977 sci-fi shocker *Demon* (aka *A God Told Me To*), and the carnageous fast food is from Cohen's latest, *The Stuff*.

Cohen's whacked-out takes on American culture have earned him critical analysis in *Film Journal*, *Signe and Sound*, and *Film Comment*, as well as tributes in the Museum of Modern Art and New York's Public Theater. Yet Cohen himself remains an industry outcast. Not unlike the court-martialed hero in the Cohen-created series, *Bearded*, Larry Cohen's got a bad reputation, a reputation that makes it necessary for him to find financing for his films on his own.

But Cohen's self-promotion continues unabated. Currently wrapping *The Stuff*, Cohen has two other films ready for release: *Blond Alley*, a crime melodrama featuring *Liquid Sky* star Anne Curless; and *Special Effects*, starring Ms. 45 herself, Zoe Tuerkles. In addition, he's just completed a script based on Marvel Comics' *Dr. Strange*.

James Verniere

HM: You've made three films in a row, all of them uncensored. Why is that? How do you keep up the pace?

LC: Well, I made them back to back, and they will all be released. I find that I've got more energy now than I had ten years ago. Don't ask me why.

HM: You've said that *The Stuff* is on one level a satire about consumerism.

LC: Oh, it is, definitely. It's a humorous commentary on fast food, the consumption of the food chain, and on saturation advertising.

HM: Many ads for booze, smoking, and food in effort to promote death.

LC: Exactly. So many things that we buy because we think they're sexy are really just bad for our health. "Love danger only." "Buy *The Stuff*." Even though it kills you. There are people who will say that *The Stuff* is really about cocaine, and—

who knows?—it might be. It's about everything that makes you lose control.

HM: Some people have suggested that your films are like fast food, designed to be quickly consumed and rapidly replaced.

LC: I think that's true. It's because my movies are not Establishment pictures. If *Q* had been an Establishment film, Michael

Morarty would have received an Oscar nomination. He was that good in it. But it wasn't an Establishment film, so it was ignored, even though critics like Siskel and Ebert loved it.

HM: Well, it has had a second life on the midnight circuit.

LC: But I don't expect it to do well because those films are generally only successful if they have some kind of kinky sex. *Rocky Horror* and *Liquid Sky* are hits.

Transvestism is somehow the key. Really, there's always somebody like Divine in drag. If Morarty had put on a dress, *Q* would have had a chance. The point is to blow some grass to loosen up your sexuality and go to a midnight show. *Q* doesn't work on that level.

HM: What kind of films interest you?

LC: The films made years ago for no money that are now being remade for millions. *Car People*, *The Thing*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. In every case, the expensive remake was not as good as the original black-and-white film.

HM: Why is that?

LC: Because in each case the story got overwhelmed by the effects. The original films also had something extra: a sexual or

political subtext.

HM: Some suggest that that subtext is what makes films like *It's Alive* cult hits.

LC: A lot of people thought it was just another exploitation film. But I think it was like *The Elephant Man*. It was a tragic and upsetting film that dealt with everything from the ethics of destroying deformed children to the poisoning of the environment. Andrew Sarris [of the Village Voice] just saw the film on cable and he told me that he would never have seen it in a theater but that it was wonderful. He asked me why he didn't get to write about my movies. Why is he asking me? If it's true, though, that cable TV has done a lot for me and my films.

HM: But you still have to raise money on your own.

LC: It's funny. Steven Spielberg loved *It's Alive*. But he would never hire me to make a picture. People think I prefer to work on my own. But I've never had the opportunity to say no. I think that I'd like to have \$10 million to make a picture.

HM: Some people say you have a bad reputation, and I know that you were fired from the set of *I, the Jury*.

LC: That picture was made by a company



It's Alive, but not for long.



Larry Cohen

that was close to bankruptcy. So it was mainly a financial problem. I couldn't stand the constant money problems. We were six weeks into shooting and I said I hadn't been paid for my screenplay, so I told them I was going to close down the picture. Well, they paid me for the script and fired me. I made *Q*. They made their movie. We were both happy. Besides, I did manage to revive *Mick Hammer*.

HM: You've started a few trends. One of your first series was "The Invisibles. Where did you get the idea for that?"

LC: I had written something called *The Invisibles* when I was eleven or twelve. It was about invisible aliens who lived all around us. I just changed them to aliens who looked just like us.

HM: It was a paranoid idea.

LC: Well, again, it had that political subtext. A kind of "Who can you trust?" theme. Before that I did *Braden*, with Chuck Connors, which was about a guy court-martialed for cowardice who tries to prove he's innocent. Actually, that series was about the black list. I was about a person who suffers the destruction of his reputation and is forced to witness without a name. I remember telling Chuck Connors what the show was really about. I didn't know what his parties were at the time, but I found out. Less than a week later, I was removed from the show. Connors even tried to run me down on his horse. I swear.

HM: How did your writing career get started? You started to work as soon as you graduated from CCNY.

LC: I wrote an episode for "The Defenders."

HM: How? You were fresh out of school.

LC: I just sent them stories until they

bought one. The first one they bought was about a guy on his way in the death house to be executed for a murder he didn't commit. He gets away but is a detective in the escape. Then while he's at large, is discovered that he was innocent of the original charge. So E. G. Marshall defends him, claiming he had a right to escape because the state was trying unjustly to murder him. It was called "Kill or Be Killed."

HM: Your first successful feature films were *Black Caesar* and *Hell Up in Harlem*. Why did you make them?

LC: Well, I thought there was an audience there that hadn't been explored. And there was only supposed to be one film. But

"There are people who will say that *The Stuff* is really about cocaine."

Black Caesar was so successful that they called me to do a sequel three days after it was released. The problem was that we didn't have a script. Who needs a script? I said. So we made it up as we went along and unfortunately it looked it.

HM: But were you consciously making black exploitation films?

LC: Not with *Black Caesar*. It was intended to be a black version of *Lone Caesar* and it was the antithesis of black exploitation films. Usually in those films the black guy wins, gets the girl who's usually white, and lives happily ever after. In *Black Caesar* Fred Williamson ends up in the slums at the end. In fact, in our original ending he's killed by some

teenagers who think he's a bum. But we took it out at the last minute. I can remember going to all the theaters in New York and cutting the last five minutes out of the film in the projection room.

HM: You went from black films to horror and science-fiction films. But on the way you made *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover*, a very political film. Why?

LC: I just wanted to be defiant. Everyone said I wouldn't be able to make it. That I would never be a movie to shoot in Washington. Well, fate was on my side. The day after we arrived, Betty Ford found out that Rudolph Crawford and Dan Dancy were in town. So she invited them to the White House to have lunch with her and President Ford. So I had this great idea and I called the FBI. I said, "We really want to shoot in your building today. But we can't because the stars are having lunch with the president. Can we shoot there tomorrow?" They put me on hold for about five minutes. When they came back, they said, "What a nice whitey you like to shoot?" After we got into the FBI building everything else was a snap.

HM: Who are Larry Cohen's hard-core fans?

LC: I don't know anymore. The moviegoing public has diminished. Most people don't even go to the movies anymore. They just watch television. Movies have become something people see on television. Or television on a big screen.

HM: How does that affect the way Larry Cohen makes a movie?

LC: Not at all. I just do things the same way I used to. I don't make any concessions. I just do the goddamn picture that I want.



JUST JAECKIN

Just Jaeckin's first film was *Emmanuelle* (1974), judged by many to be the first erotic film for couples. Although he's never considered himself to be a director of erotica, Jaeckin was stereotyped as such when films like *Story of O* (1975) and *Madame Claude* (1978) came his way. Has two mainstream pictures. *The Last Romantic Lover* (1978) and *Girls* (1979) received little attention from the general public. Now, after several years' absence from motion pictures, Jaeckin has returned with *The Perils of Gwendoline*, an adventure film based on John Willie's 1930s bondage cartoon strip.

What is this "master of erotica" like? Certainly he doesn't fit the image of a greasy, cigar-chewing purveyor of young female flesh. Instead, he is charming, chaty, and polite. On a recent stay in Los Angeles to direct TV ads for 7 Up, Jaeckin graciously granted an early-morning,idental-appointment interview. The director appeared in well-worn leather pants and a blue shirt and sweater. His salt-and-pepper hair was cropped short, and, all in all, he looked very athletic and Californian. His rather strong French accent, however, was a dead giveaway that *Ma ibu* was not his home. (We spoke to a mix of French and English.) He shifted in his chair constantly, waving his hands and staring at the interviewer as if to make sure he was getting through.

My overall impression of Jaeckin is that of a man who loves his work and deeply hates that others will love it as well.

R. J. M. Loeffler

HM: You started out as a freelance photographer and later turned to making films and TV commercials. What made you want to become a movie director?

Just Jaeckin: Actually, let me rephrase that question. I never tried to become anything in my life. Everything has always come to me naturally. I mean, when I changed jobs, it always seemed the natural thing to do. I was a student at the Arts Deco School in Paris when I was 18. Then, at eighteen, I was hired by *Marie-Claire*, a popular fashion magazine, to be their art director. Then I did military service in Algeria. When I came back, around 1962, I went back to being art director for *Marie-Claire* for a while. Then I dropped everything to become a freelance photographer. Between 1964 and 1970, I became a big name in photography in Europe. I did stuff for *Vogue*, *Elle*, *Harper's Bazaar*, all the big fashion magazines. Then I got lucky and made some short films for a French TV show called "Dim, Dim, Dom." And from there I went into commercials.

HM: Did you learn how to direct film at the Arts Deco?

JJ: Actually, I was into sculpture; it was very difficult to break into movies then. It was like Hollywood, an extremely closed world. But around 1970 they started to open some doors to kids like me who came from commercials or television. So one day somebody asked me to make a feature film. And I almost didn't believe him because it was such an enormous dream. So big! Of course I said yes at once. And

that's how I ended up doing *Emmanuelle*.

HM: Had you read the book before? It had been banned. It could only be sold under the counter—which made it very popular, of course.

JJ: No. At the time, I didn't even know what it was all about. When I read the book, I became all white and red! I said to myself, "How am I going to make a film that's so erotic?" Also, at the time, there was a lot of competition in pornography from America. *Deep Throat* had just come out. I told myself, "I can't make that kind of film. What can I make?" I started from the idea that to make something with eroticism and sensuality, it was better not to show anything. The audience must project their own fantasies onto the screen. It's the same for horror films. The less you show and the more you leave to the imagination, the more successful your film is going to be. And *Emmanuelle* was very successful—because I showed practically nothing. After the film was completed, my producer was in a state of panic. He thought I was going to cause his ruin because I had refused to show anything.

Unfortunately, because of *Emmanuelle* I had a big problem. Its success became too big. Do you know that *Emmanuelle* is the most successful French film of all time? So I had a lot of difficulty getting away from this enormously successful erotic film. I did *Story of O*, with Corinne Clery, and then I did *Madame Claude*, which I think was called *The French Madame* in the U.S.

So one day I said, "That's enough! I don't want to do erotic films anymore." So



Gwendoline before . . .

I made a film called *The Last Romantic Lover*. I put a lot of my own money in it. But the film was very poorly received in France. People didn't understand. My public came to see an erotic film and they saw something very different, very lecherous, so they were disappointed. Fortunately, the film was very successful in Canada. It was sold to HBO here, and it was a very big success all over the world—except in France, in my own country!

After that, I was "punished," if you will, for two years. For instance, I made a film for kids called *Girls*, and it was banned to the under-thirties, just because of its title and because my name was on it. After that, I made *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, again with Sylvia Kristel. And then, and on, y then, I made the film that I had really been wanting to make, and that was *Gwendoline*.

HM: What attracted you so much to *Gwendoline*?

JJ: You see, I'm not at all like people imagine me to be. People believe I'm a fat man with a beard who likes to chase young girls down dark corridors. But in reality, I love the outdoors and sports. I love life. I love laughter. I've been called "Jus' Joke!" I do a lot of motor racing. I love to play tennis. In many respects, I'm an adventurous person. So my dream was to make an adventure film, with a lot of humor and craziness. And then, of course, you must realize that my forte is still portraying women. I'm not at all attracted by men. So *Gwendoline* was the ideal story for me, an adventure film which stars a beautiful woman heroine.

HM: Yes, but it's still considered erotica. You were complaining about being hypocrites as a director of erotic films, so doesn't that

bother you?

JJ: I suppose. But if you make movies, you must learn to sell them. When I started on *Gwendoline*, I had to tell the distributors that it would be an adventure, but that it would also have a lot of beautiful girls in it, and many sensual scenes. In any event, nobody knows the "*Gwendoline*" comics today, except for some fans or cult collectors. So I feel pretty safe from that standpoint. Besides, the erotic content of John Willie's comics is very, very tame. It's like the children's books by the Comtesse de Ségur that we read when we were kids. It's nothing, really.

HM: The "*Gwendoline*" comics are almost entirely based on bondage. How do you work around that?

JJ: Ah, the bondage aspect is something that we almost completely discarded from the beginning, because to us it's a fantasy that appeals only to a very limited public. I don't think I could ever explain the appeal of bondage.

HM: If you discard the bondage aspects, there isn't much left of the comics. So why choose this material at all?

JJ: The great strength of comics is that they have the power to make you dream. When he did *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, Spielberg was doing comics. It's pure comics. Comics are a medium where you

"Comics are a medium where you don't have to worry about the plausibility of stories. They don't have to be logical."

don't have to worry about the plausibility of stories. They don't have to be Cartesian, logical.

HM: I'd take exception to that. There are a lot of comics with strong plots, very cohesive ones.

JJ: Okay, when I say that, I don't mean the whole genre of comics. There are always exceptions. But the great advantage of

doing a comics-inspired film is that it gives you more freedom. If you're making a detective story, for instance, you have to be absolutely strict in every detail. You can't ignore reality. If I have you dressed in a black sweater, and then later you wear a red sweater, people will ask, "Why has she changed sweaters? When did she have time to do that?" In a comics story, you don't ever bother explaining it. People just accept that kind of thing.

HM: You mentioned *Raiders* before. I noticed that *Gwendoline* also takes place in the same time period, the late thirties, early forties. Is that because that's when the comics were done, or is it because, like Spielberg, you feel that this is an age when that kind of adventure is more credible?

JJ: Both. But now that you mention it, it's funny, because I seem to have followed the same reasoning as Spielberg. In *Gwendoline*, we have a Forbidden City located in the middle of a Chinese desert. Today, with the surveillance satellites and all the modern technology, things like that are impossible to accept. If I told you there's a Forbidden City in the middle of the Colorado Valley, you would laugh at me. But in the 1930s there were still unexplored parts of the globe. Things weren't clear-cut, well defined, and perfect as they are today. And that's why *Gwendoline* had to take place in the same time period as *Raiders*. It's not at all, because we wanted to copy Spielberg, mind you, but we just followed the same logic. **HM:** There were things you liked, and things you disliked in John Willie's comics. How did you sort it out and arrive at your own version of it?

JJ: I have to come back to what I was saying before about the lack of story. When we looked at "*Gwendoline*," we realized that the strip had really aged rather badly. In fact, there isn't a single "*Gwendoline*" strip as there is, say, a "*Tintin*" strip. What is there is a succession of three- or four- or five-page vignettes. A story starts and then stops. Then there are five or six beautiful pages of artwork, but no story. It's like a collection of ideas, magnificently



. . . and after.



Joeekin off with Emmanuelle...

illustrated, but without any logic.

"Gwendoline" is like a draft for a comics that didn't get made. Willard did gorgeous paintings, completely unrelated to the stories. Jean Luc Voulfow, with whom I had worked before on *Girls*, and I built our own story, deriving our inspiration from those drawings. But it's a completely original story. We had to invent one.

First, it's a love story about two people who refuse to love each other—Willard, who is an adventurer, and Gwendoline, who is a bit shrewish. A sort of Romeo and Juliet, if you will. In the comics, you never see Gwendoline's father. So we gave her one. That gave us the idea of sending Gwendoline looking for her father, who disappeared while on a quest for a butterfly at the other end of the world.

HM: Was it your idea to introduce a certain tongue-in-cheek type of humor in the story?

JJ: Definitely! It corresponds to my vision of life—droll, tender and naive. Then, too, I'm cynical, because I'm forty-four years old and I realize that I pay a lot for my naïveté. Anyway, humor is the only thing in a story that makes everything believable. It's indispensable. What I like about American films is the fact that when the audience is ready to cry, there's always a note of humor to cheer them up. I love it. I'm terribly influenced by American pictures, you know.

HM: Let me ask you something. Gwendoline is not funny enough to be dubbed a comedy. It's not erotic enough to appeal to an adult-movies-type of audience. Yet it's different from the standard adventure fare. What kind of audience are

"After Emmanuelle was completed, my producer was in a state of panic. He thought I was going to cause his ruin because I had refused to show anything."

you trying to reach?

JJ: I'll give you the same answer that they used to print on the cover of *Yenta Magazine* every week: the children from seven to seventy-seven years of age. The same public as Spielberg, really. You know, every time I read one of his interviews, I'm struck by the fact that we think very much alike. In fact, I wrote a script very much like *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. It had a young hero, a little Chinese kid, etc. I had no luck with it, but Spielberg is more famous and has more money than I do.

HM: You didn't encounter any rating problem, with all the scantily clad women in the film?

JJ: No, not at all! There really is no total nudity. There are a lot of leather costumes, but it looks more like fantasy than S & M. I think the tone of the film is very important and makes all the difference.

HM: You know that a lot of people think of you as the erotic filmmaker par excellence—the man who also directed *Emmanuelle II*, *Emmanuelle III* and *Emmanuelle IV*. How do you react to that?

JJ: It's terrible. You know, there was no *Emmanuelle II* as a book. They did it purely because of the money. When they made the film, I thought at the time that it'd free me from this association, but on the contrary, the public now believes I've done all these sequels. I've always refused to do sequels. They offered me *Story of O II*, and *Madame Choute II*, but I always refused. The only sequel I might do would be *Gwendoline II*, because that's a story which I truly feel. It's me. It amuses me, it means something to me.



... and Story of O.

BEYOND

THE VALLEY OF THE VIDEOS

The Last Starfighter (1984); MCA. Directed by Nick Castle

The Last Starfighter has a real peppy cartoon quality, but that shouldn't stop moviegoers like me who missed through *ET* from enjoying it. Like *Tron*, it's a video-game come-to-life flick in which Lance Guest (an ambitious teenager stuck playing trailers in a tractor park, accidentally becomes embroiled in interplanetary air war by winning a video game. As an unwieldy prize, Guest has to lead an outer space armada—coached by Robert Preston, who plays a kind of surrogate Music Man. Preston is as likably breezy as ever. Guest evokes a fraternal sweetness reminiscent of Paul LeMat or Matthew Broderick, and the whole shipbang messages to charm even at its cutesiest.



Dreamscape (1984); Thorn-EMI. Directed by Joseph Ruben

Dreamscape has little of the eerie surrealism of actual dreams, but it does have some ideas worth waking up for. Dennis Quaid plays his usual, good-ol'-boy-on-the-make, only this time he's a wit in parapsychology who gets involved in a dream research program that allows him to enter other people's nightmares. Complications arise when the CIA decides to use this project for its own creepy purposes, including the manipulation of the president. (Lately the prez has been plagued by nuclear holocaust guilt dreams, which have made him favor total disarmament.) The CIA guys prefer Reagan's peace-through-strength line, and while it's neat that the film posits this policy as bad news, it would have been bolder to make the movie's president the heavy rather than the typical CIA fall guys. Also, the movie doesn't move very well. Maurice Jarre's music is grade-Z Euro-horror. Craig Reardon's big nightmare snake looks like an enraged Gummy, and the dream sequences are spoonizable. Still, the script does have its wit, and it's always nice to see some anti-makeup hype coming from an unexpected place.



The Long Riders (1980); MGM/UA. Directed by Walter Hill

The Long Riders offers the ultimate in ensemble acting: four brother teams (the Carradines, the Keaches, the Quads, and the Guests) playing outlaw families of the 1860s, wooed as the James Gang. The brothers' physical resemblances and endurable familiarity rapport create a natural chemistry on-screen, aided by Ric Walle's gorgeous cinematography, Ry Cooder's spirited American traditions folk music, and Walter Hill's elegant direction (with acknowledgedness to Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*). Hill's best movies have a ways offered as takes on the macho ethic—through the unmailed graffiti art of *The Warriors*, the swampland mystery of *Savannah*, and the brutal wit of *48 HRS*. *The Long Riders*, though, is his most stylish and sonner movie, truly the best Western since Clint Eastwood's 1976 *The Outlaw Josey Wales*.



Born Offerings (1976), MGM/UA. Directed by Dan Curtis.

Brought to you by director-producer Dan Curtis (the same weirdo who gave the world that classic piece of schlock kitch, *Dark Shadows*...), this movie has its own moments of kitch and some legit chills as well. On the silly side we've got Karen Black, my favorite cross-eyed actress, and Burgess Meredith as an effeminate old coot. Most of the movie is your basic haunted house deal—a family comes to rent a white elephant summer house at a shockingly low price and (as the ad copy should have read) **WIND UP PAYING WITH THEIR LIVES**. But there are more effective sequences involving the father (played by the ominously suave Oliver Reed), in whom the house triggers horrific recurring nightmares which originally plagued him as a child. His dream sequences—shot in stark black and white, feature an absolutely hair-raising horse drive, and the special effect said driver has on Reed is a great example of the power of subjective nightmares in movies.



Synchronicity (1984), A&M Video. Directed by Godley and Creme.

Imagine all the dumbest things you've ever seen in a rock concert movie and you've got a pretty good idea of what this Police tape makes. It's from the Atlanta stop on the band's Synchronicity tour, and it's the same show that aired on Showtime last year, plus four numbers. Directors Godley and Creme offer a virtual litany of concert footage no-no's: lots of low-angle shots of the musicians' nose hairs; plenty of camera angles guaranteed to give you the bends; plus relentless cutting to the audience, showing you how good a time you would have had if only you'd been there. (As an extra bonus, these crowd shots seem to dose on the biggest nitwits available.) Even worse, the directors have adopted one of rock video's most cynical assumptions: that any shot longer than ten seconds will bore the audience senseless. As to the band's performance, there's little of the rapport I witnessed at their last New York show, which, incidentally, managed to create infinitely more intimacy in Shea Stadium than this tape does in my living room.



Jazzin' for Blue Jean (1984), Sony. Directed by Julien Temple.

Unlike Michael Jackson's horrifically dippy *Thriller* video, which just smothered a crappy song out for fifteen minutes, most of Bowie's twenty-minute *Jazzin' for Blue Jean* is conventional narrative, with the four-minute hit worked in. Bowie plays two roles here: Screaming Lord Byron, a rock star who's really more Joan Collins than Ziggy, and the lead character, who's half Woody Allen schlemiel, half Rupert Pupkin manic. Actually, it makes perfect sense for Bowie to play the coolest nerd imaginable. Ideas and self-consciousness have always prevailed over sensuality in his work, and while this video may not be all that strikingly divorced from the singer's persona within the context of Bowie the awkward-conceptualist, it's interesting to speculate that this dorky character is indeed the one true David under all the masks.



Danspak II (1984), Sony. Directed by Merril Aldighieri and Joe Tripcian.

Nice to see this compilation tape of small-time New York bands coming from a big-shot company like Sony—too bad they couldn't get better bands. Actually, there is one major label guy involved: Jim Carroll doing "Sweet Jane," which is really just a throwaway homage to Lou Reed (Lou makes a cute cameo, incidentally). The only truly impressive clip here is Jerry Kaye's irresistible "I've Got a Right," which wittily juxtaposes religious, political, and fashion images to create a roaring First Amendment rock anthem. Still, next time Sony wants to capture real subterranean New York, maybe it oughta go for a great trash band like Krust, or whatever group the sainted Lydia Lunch is in this week.



Jim Farber

RADIO HORROR

National Public Radio's *The Cabinet of Dr. Fritz* is a half-hour horror-fantasy series done the right way—adaptations of stories by Stephen King, Karl Edward Wagner, and others, taped digitally in bilingual sound. If you purchase instead this on NPR, not to worry: cassettes (and illustrated catalogs) are available by mail from the show's production company, the ZBS Foundation (RR#1, Box 1201, Fort Edward, NY 12828). Wagner's "Salem" (from his 1978 *In a Lonely Place* collection), about fantasy illustrator Culin Leventon (Steven Keats) exploring a farmhouse over an ancient megallithic site, goes for a low-key delivery with the editorial correspondence of Wagner's original tale cleverly switched in messages left on a telephone answering machine. King's "The Mist" (*Dark Forest*, used as a three-parter, employed thirty-five actors on the three-month production, for a surreal terror tapestry of frenetic overlapping voices, music (BPCOT's Tim Chalk), and children's sound effects that all combine to improve on King's original. Other writers adapted for *Fritz* include Craig Steete, Ishmael Reed in *Mumbo Jumbo* six-parter, and Carlos Fuentes. The ZBS "3-D sound" is state-of-the-art—recorded with Sony's PCM digital system and then transferred to analog multitrack, with dtx noise reduction. After sound effects are layered in along with music created on the Synclavier II digital synthesizer, it's mixed on the PCM system with a digital duplicating master made from the digital studio master. Cassettes are taped not at high-speed but in real-time during on Sony UCM-S chrome tape, but less expensive, low-noise cassettes with Dolby B are also available. When the ZBS gang did their engaging NPR series *Moon over Monaco* (twelve background actors recorded in Montreal a few years back, they were just pulling in gear. Now they're breaking the sound barrier.

—Steve



Disney

Donald Duck

With
Disney's Donald Duck: 80 Years
of Happy Frustration

DAME DICK



Ms. Tree (i.e., *Lordark-Vanhook*, *Sag the tale* [and lead character's name] of this two-color monthly independent comic quickly—pronouncing the surname like a Southerner, with two syllables—and you'll get the idea. *Wherein* novelist/ford "Dick Tracy" scripter) **Max Collins** runs a tight-fisted, rubber-stamped operation, steeped in pulp traditions, but adds in book scope (complex, realistic narratives) and focus (congradations too with real emotional consequences) and a strong female protagonist who is unbreakable without being weak. But *Terry Beatty's* clarity, inconsistency, and whimsicality go on as always, since the whole thing (for all those faces, man!)—a short, sure, good comic writing is as sure as *You Are or You Are Not* (series being origin story *Jim should check out The Files of Ms. Tree*, first in a promised omnibus series collecting the multi-issue comic stories into one tidy package.

The Sashes

(i.e., *Lordark-Vanhook*, *Sag the tale*)
Susan G. Robinson, Ontario, Canada (20
KRS.)

Strips



NO, DESPITE THE MONIKER, Comics Review ANYT JUST ANOTHER LET'S-GET-SERIOUS-ABOUT-FUNNY-BOOKS MAG—IT'S A MONTHLY REPRINT SHOWCASE FOR DAILY NEWSPAPER STRIPS, CONSIDERING (1) HOW FEW NEWSPAPERS THERE ARE THESE DAYS, (2) HOW FEW OF THEM RUN DAILY STRIPS, AND (3) HOW TINY THE ONES THAT DO RUN 'EM SHOW 'EM DOWN SO, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT A USEFUL PURPOSE IS BEING SERVED HERE. CURRENT ISSUES FEATURE WEEKS' WORTH CONCENTRATED DOSES OF STANDARD STUFF LIKE "POPEYE," "FLASH GORDON," A NIFTY WESTERN CALLED "LARISSA," THE PATHETIC "SPYDERMAN," THE TIMELESS "GASOLINE ALLEY" (RUNNING SINCE 1918), DIX BROWNE'S "WAGAR," THE TRUOGADIAN "BUDON COUNTY," AND A COUPLE OF OTHERS. BUT MOST NOTABLY, THE GREAT DAN O'NEILL'S WEEKLY SKETCHBOOK MASTING, GATHELY TITLED "O'NEILL" (DON'T EVEN KNOW IT EXISTED TIL I SAW IT HERE). THOSE WITH FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLD AIR PIRATES UNDERSTANDINGS SHOULD ADDLE SOME DUCKS TO THESE GUYS—O'NEILL IS AS CLEVER AND TRENDILY AMUSING AS EVER. (P.O. BOX 1782, WARNE, NJ 07470.)

—LOW STATINS

The Creature Features Movie Guide (Warner Books) lets you know whether or not to stay up late. Or, as Robert Bloch describes it, "helps you avoid the terrors of televised trash and take the best out of gore." Author **John Stanley** host of "Creature Features" (KTUV-TV Oakland) and co-scripter-producer of the satiric Franco-made *Nightmare on Blood* (1976) spent thirteen years compiling these 3000 capsule film reviews. A sumpin' Something Evil (1972) Distinguished fun-for-TV directed by Steven Spielberg who displays unimaginative use of camera to trick up some supernatural, hokum taking place on a farm in Bucks County Pennsylvania. Darren McGavin. Sandy Dennis. Ralph Bellamy. Some short, some long, but all get right to the point. So complete he even reviews his own movie. Topped with a brief Fritz Leiber intro and an effective cover painting by James Warhol.

—Shab

TV Guide



When "Terry and the Pirates" started in the newspaper funnies in 1934, it seemed like just another adventure strip with a boy hero and exotic locations. But creator Milton Caniff quickly turned it into the finest adventure story of the day. In Volume I of NBM's Flying Buttress Classics Library deluxe reprint, *Terry and the Pirates*, the artwork is still crude, but the interesting characterizations are already coming to life. Volume II due out shortly, should represent "Terry" at its peak—which is to say, as one of the two or three best comics in history. This hardcover volume offers crisp black-and-white reproduction of the 1939-1936 Sundays and dailies (which at first involved two discrete story lines) and is limited to 1,200 copies.

Michael S. Barson

The Housewives of 2001

Using as its departure point Arthur C. Clarke's wry comment "The future isn't what it used to be," Joseph J. Gorn's and Brian Horrigan's *Yesterday's Tomorrows: Past Visions of the American Future* (Summit/Simon & Schuster) is a nostalgic look at the ways in which early-twentieth-century America imagined its future. This visual history has been pieced from an assortment of advertisements, pulp magazine covers, cartoons, toys, architectural drawings, and photographs. The result is a charming evocation of such un-sucking futures as "The Home of Tomorrow" (including the RCA/Whitcomb Miracle Kitchen of 1936), "The Community of Tomorrow," "The Weapons and Warfare of Tomorrow," and—my favorite—"The Transportation of Tomorrow." You haven't lived until you've seen the Model Transacomic Passenger Plane of 1929. Credit!

—Michael S. Barson



Ratso's Palazzo



Sterling Says

by Barry Sloman

It was a most Christmas and it was time for a vacation. Now I had the choice of going to Europe and rendezvousing in Paris with this femme fatale that I was currently fixated on, or I could be a real American and go on down to Texas and spend a week with Kinky Friedman, the infamous Texas Jewboy, on his ranch just outside of Kerrville in the hill country of that great big state.

I opted for the ranch and the hills and some much needed, random, life was going to be hectic in New York. New York. I had been getting very little sleep, and on the very eve of my departure, I had gotten told, very wasted with a very nice young woman who ran a discreet house of bondage and who had just authored a book due out from Grove Press called *The Correct Sudor*. Texas would be a change of pace.

Of course, I had an ulterior motive, too. Before driving down to Kerrville, I was going to spend a few days in Austin, and since I had this first *Henry Metal* column due, it would be a chance to take a side trip and look up Sterling Morrison and do a piece on the 1985 Velvet Underground renaissance. It seems that Polygram Records had obtained the backlog of the defunct Verve label and were about to rerelease, after years of being out of print, the first three Velvet Underground albums. What's more, they had found the legendary tapes of the fourth "Velvet" album that MGM refused to issue. The tapes had been ducked a bit to meet contemporary musical standards, but they still were an

invaluable cultural find, something akin to the apocrypha, gospels unearthed at Nag Hammadi. This news may not exactly smack the dicks of the Van Halen generation to their watch pockets, but to those of us who were functioning in the streets, the Velvet Underground were the cat's pajamas. The gray flannel mass culture of the Eisenhower years was being challenged in the salities by a mutant offspring of bohemian sensibility, a subterranean virus that was spearheaded by the leading musicians of the day.

In New York, for example, in 1967 you could walk a few short blocks in the Village and see either the Fugs or the Mothers of Invention destroy everything that was sacred to J. Edgar Hoover. Then there were the Velvets—a precocious Long Island literary Jew, his Long Island gayin' counterpart, and one manic musician, genius from Wales, Lou Reed. Sterling Morrison, and John Cale. Add to this "a" an androgynous female drummer named Moos and one Beatnik, ice queen chanteuse called Nico, and it was painfully clear that we are not talking here of Jay and the Americans.

For five years the Velvet Underground spread their strange message to a faithful core group of cognoscentis gathered mainly in the media elites of the U.S. They were championed by Warhol and his boho society scene, they were idolized by the burgeoning drug-addled escapism camp, and they could count many followers among those who thought the genre, existence between a man and a woman was repulsive

or just plain silly.

By 1970 they had slowly fallen apart. Lou Reed went on to release a series of solo efforts, some astonishingly brilliant (*Berlin*), some very uneven, and one just plain perverse (*Metal Machine Music*). Cale, too, had done a number of beautiful albums, and has also produced the next next wave—Patla Smith, Jonathan Richman, and the Squeeze. Nico put out a few eclectic albums of her own, and even Moos, of the squeaky voice, released her own LP. But curiously, through the seventies and now halfway into the eighties, we hadn't heard a peep from the man who was just as responsible as anyone else for that bizarre, atonal, haunting Velvet sound. Sterling was living in Austin, Texas, teaching literature at the university and writing his doctoral thesis on an English medieval poet named Kittle.

It didn't feel much like Christmas in Texas. It was seventy degrees and I was staying in north Austin with Dylan Ferraro, Kinky's road manager, who lived on the outskirts of town in a working-class, pool-haunted, topless-dancing area of town that was half Mexican and half poor white trash. Austin had changed considerably since I had last been there. The town was exploding with an influx of the new technological elite, which had led the local newspapers to dub the area "Silicon Prairie." This wave of immigration had amused the ire of the old residents, who didn't much prefer yuppies to "spics."

Sterling didn't have to worry about this. He was living right near the campus, a

something ivory-tower zone. He told us that we'd recognize his apartment by the candles that were burning in the windows. Inside, Sterling and his wife, Martha, and their nine-year-old, Maryanne, were making cookies. It was a cozy apartment. The Christmas tree was aglow, the candles were burning on down, there was Christmas sheet music open on the piano in the corner, and Martha was fixing drinks for us in the kitchen. An incongruous place to be in about the Velvet Underground? Maybe, but maybe not.

I was on the phone the other day with the publisher at Polygram. Sterling said as he put the "new" Velvet cassette on. "She said that Polygram is treating this like they found the Holy Grail. I didn't point out to her that the Grail quest was what destroyed King Arthur's Court."

Sterling immediately advanced the tape to a cut on side two to make sure that the record company had erased some offensive (to his ears) singing on one cut. He was amazed to find it erased, and then he sat down and we started talking about the old times.

"The old chronology, huh?" Well, I met Lou up at Syracuse. Lou graduated with the stipulation that he be off the campus the minute he completed his last final! He had personally insulted the head of the Young Americans for Freedom in front of Lou just tore him to pieces, and this guy's father was a big corporate lawyer and they were going to sue Lou. But they were so obsessed, that the dean finally sided with Lou and told him to keep his mouth shut, take his finals, and go away and they'd give him his degree.

What were your first impressions of Lou?" I asked.

"Well, I was impressed with him. He liked the things I liked, he liked to play guitar. He wrote, he was an English major all that stuff. He struck you as a self-consciously creative person. We were all, being very creative. I was very influenced by the Beats. Those are the people who woke me up in high school. Beatsniks did things, they read books and they knew art. Along with the free love and drugs and anything else they could think of. That was impressive. Hippies were vegetarians.

Somebody once asked me what was the underlying influence of the Velvet Underground. Well, it was black music. Rock wasn't even invented when I was playing in high school. We learned by trading riffs. One guy knows a little, Reed riff, one guy knows Bo Diddley. That's how it goes.

"You and Lou would actually sit around and trade blues riffs?"

"Yeah, the mysteries of Lightning Hopkins revealed," Sterling chuckled. "We used to call our first Velvet songs by a name that indicated what the song grew out of. Like 'Run, Run, Run' (for example). We used to call that John Lee Hooker because that harp is an old John Lee riff. The G-B's we called Booker T because there was

something Steve Crocker about it."

By 1964 both Lou and Sterling had drifted down to New York again. Sterling fighting the "mystique" of the Big Apple in his first apartment on Central Park West. Lou safely ensconced in his parents' house in Prospect, Long Island. But it took the spirit of a classically trained chad piano prodigy to push the Long Island blues brothers to the outer reaches of the musical stratosphere.

John Cale had I'm encouraged Reed when he showed up for a session at a Tim Pan Alley school supermarket album company. Lou was a staff writer there and had come up with what was thought would be the next dance craze, a tune called "The Otisney." That never panned out, but Cale saw some merit in the songs that Lou was writing off hours—less commercial ditties like "Heroin" and "I'm Waiting for the Man."

So Lou and Sterling and John started working together, playing everything from free-form music to Smokey Robinson songs. Add to this mixtape an avant-garde drummer named Angus MacLise and this confluence of talents was about to become a group. "We wanted to develop along different lines," Sterling remembered. "Angus knew a whole lot about Oriental music. He was real in with the film people, too. John knew classical Lou, and I for good or ill, knew pop and black music and how songs ought to be structured. John knew how they ought to be structured in ways we never dreamed of. So we'd start to play a conventional song and then sort of just it up. Just play on and on. Occasionally the music would coalesce into something that was actually an identifiable song, but then it would just disappear. The first thing we really did was

Stroman: "Halfway into the eighties, we hadn't heard a peep from the man who was just as responsible as anyone else for that bizarre, atonal, haunting Velvet sound."

background music to underground films."

It was 1965 and they were a group, sort of. They were working up Lou's songs and playing the avant-garde circuit occasionally, and one day that summer Angus brought home a paperback from a subway bookstore on Forty-second Street. The cover featured a shiny black box and a whip and it was called *The Velvet Underground*, a lurid exposé of the S & M scene.

So they appropriated the name. "We didn't know anything about the book, really," Sterling said, "but it was a nice

name and we were involved in underground cinema. So the Velvet Underground was acceptable."

But Angus was not long for the newly named group. That winter they got their first booking, opening up for a group called the Middle Class in all places, Summit, New Jersey. The gig paid seventy-five dollars. To Angus that was selling out. He bailed out right before the Summit gig and they brought in Moe Tucker, the little sister of a classmate of Lou and Sterling's from Syracuse. They schlepped out to Summit played. Then, *She Goes Again*.

"Venus in Furs," and "Heroin," and then came back to the city. Before long they got a week-long stint at the Cafe Bizarro. One night Warhol came around, and suddenly the Velvets had a patron.

Warhol was an excellent influence, "Sterling remembered. He gave us constant reassurance that we were doing the right thing. Plus we got to go to a lot of good parties. We still lived in our wretched slums, only coming out at night when we went good places.

Warhol made them part of his surreal mixed-media slideshow, *The Exploding Plastic Inevitable*, and they played hip venues to widely varying critical reaction. The frenzy of *The Exploding Plastic Inevitable* shows was captured on the first album—savage, throbbing, howling, at times haunting and ethereal. And over this, Lou's lyrics.

Now, it is generally acknowledged that sex and drugs go hand in hand with rock 'n' roll. But this was the wrong sex and the wrong drugs. "Shiny shiny shiny boots of leather, the whipsn' griffid in the dark. Strike, dear mistress, and cure her heart." Lou sang emotionally on "Venus in Furs," a song based on Sacher-Masoch's classic novel of the same name. Then there was "Heroin," a seven-minute exploration into the bitterness/nothingness of junk. And "I'm Waiting for the Man," a sociologically accurate portrayal of copping from the Negroes uptown. These songs seemed to stick in the media's mind, obscuring some of the gentler tunes on the album like "Sunday Morning" or "I'll Be Your Mirror." Nico's showpiece. One critic even suggested that the band was the product of some secret marriage between Bob Dylan and the Marquis de Sade.

"The problem with Lou is that he didn't really want to sing anybody else's words," Sterling recalled as he got up to get another beer. "And also he was very very fast with the throwaway lyrics. So if we had a song that was musically complete and all I lacked was some profound lyric, well, Lou would come up with a lyric instantly. Which occasionally became the final lyric, which is too bad. Some of them really needed thought and didn't get it. 'Venus in Furs' was something he thought about and it shows. It wasn't because he wanted us to go in an S & M direction. He just happened to write this song. He read that stuff, Sacher-Masoch and de Sade—but

people reacted and said, 'My God, who would do such a song.' Obviously only people really into that stuff. But there was nothing else on the record that even vaguely suggests S & M. My principal interest in *Venus in Furs* was the sound of it. No song ever sounded like that song does. That was our best, to me. That song scared everybody. We thought about that one for a long time. Every bit of it is the bass line, everything. That's the one I'm most proud of. I'm proud of the sound of 'Heroin' too. But for me it's too folky lyrically. It has protest elements, vague, automatic like. Dead bodies piled up in mounds, that sort of thing.

Well, we had taken care of the deviant sex. What about the drugs? Certainly you couldn't write 'I'm Waiting for the Man' by reading the *PDR*. These guys had to be part of the drug subculture.

I had seen it done around me,' Sterling said wryly, 'but I wasn't as knowledgeable as Lou was. Lou at that time was recovering from hepatitis, so he may have had a further interest in it. He did the lyric for 'Heroin' when he was home recuperating at his parents' house. He should have been thinking about other things like mineral water and fruits and nuts, but he was thinking about heroin, so that's what he wrote about.

If the first Velvet album was experimental, this second effort was a total, anarchic, surreal assault. Nico was gone—it was too boring for her to be in a group where she didn't sing every song and with her departure there was nobody around to sing those Brechtian ballads Lou had penned for her. Now the band could be unleashed. Besides, there was a new drug—amphetamines. White Light/White Heat. From the opening strains of that title track to the closing 'Sister Ray,' a seventeen-minute foray into a surreal, demonic world populated by sailors with whistles and ding-dongs going 'sucked-off' by transvestites, this was the quintessential Velvet Underground. Four free spirits flailing away in the void. We drink or break open our veins, solely to know. I want to know... the Pugs were singing at this time. Listen to 'White Light/White Heat' and you might not know, but you've got an inkling.

That was the time to hear the band," Sterling fondly recalled. Sixty-seven, sixty-eight, those were my favorite days with the band. But then it stopped being fun when John was forced out of the band. Lou and John were arguing about this and that.

Aesthetic Differences¹

"I guess, really it was. Oh, I would pick in every now and again, but I felt I didn't have to. John was more or less representing my point of view. Lou was overly interested in lyrics and we weren't. That was the basic thing. Lou wanted to say something. Generally I don't care about rock 'n' roll lyrics, and John was carrying the burden of that viewpoint. I was faced with the option

of dissolving the band and I chose not to, simply because I said, 'Well, I'm having fun doing this now.' So I sold out. John out and I ought not to have. People always said that Lou wanted to be the big star. Well, that's cool. So maybe John actually threatened Lou. I'm too low-key to have done that.

The third album, *The Velvet Underground*, was the embodiment of Lou's triumph. Cale was gone and with him his dissonant alto, viola screeching. Gone, too, were all the other external

Morrison: "People always said that Lou [Reed] wanted to be the big star. Well, that's cool. So maybe John [Cale] actually threatened Lou. I'm too low-key to have done that."

trappings of the old Velvet Underground image. Why, there was Lou on the cover looking just like a preppy. Of course the back cover photo, which was Lou alone, split in half and juxtaposed upside down against itself, was probably more indicative of his state of mind. While you couldn't say that the concerns of the album were wholesome ("Pale Blue Eyes" seems to be about adultery, and "Some Kinda Love" requires some K-Y on the shoulder), the prevailing spirit of the album was one of redemption, renewal and transcendence. One might even call this, a folk album.

I never cared for that album for that reason," Sterling admitted. The original mix was much better. It doesn't sound like some guy in his closet, which is what Lou did when he put the vocals right up front. Lou Reed on parade, that's what you got. And not very good vocals, either.

But Sterling stayed on with the band, putting in his time while he was finishing his course work at City College. During those famous Max's gigs in the summer of 1970 (which were released as a basement-type tape on Atlantic) Sterling would play his set, then head straight up to the dressing room and read *Henry Ford*. The group managed one more studio album, *Loaded*, but then dissolved into a cesspool of bad feelings.

So now it's nearly fourteen years later and if the Polygram machine has anything to say about it, the Velvets are going to be rehabilitated and take their proper place in the rock pantheon. This must be a source of pride for Sterling, no?

I don't know what people liked about us, particularly. I could see people liking some of the heavy-metal portions of what

we did. And the sense of rebel iconoclasm in the lyrics. We did what we felt like doing, so maybe people admire that. Some people see us as S & M freaks, but obviously that's ridiculous. People saw us as a group willing to do what they felt like doing, people who obviously only cared about making the kind of records they felt like making with no attempt to manufacture an image, no attempt to ingratiate themselves with the media, no attempt to ingratiate themselves with the public. Half the stuff we did is probably repellent to a mass audience. So what? Some bands are designed for a mass audience and some aren't. We weren't. I think Lou wanted that more than the rest of us. He wanted to go pop. John and I didn't have that much of a pop sensibility.

The evening was wearing down. Dylan had split a long ago. Macbeth had retired a few hours previously, and Sterling and I had finished the beer. We should wind this up soon," Sterling said. "I got to get up early and make more cookies."

Sterling pointed to an acoustic guitar that was propped up against the wall over by the piano. There were no strings on it. "You could say that behind you is an acoustic guitar with no strings. It's like *Odysseus* is now. When I string up a guitar but I can't do that until twenty years have elapsed. I have playing guitars under the bed. But if I got them out, what would I want to do? Someone asked me if I planned a comeback. And I said, 'And do what?' What needs to be done? Do I need to make money like the rest of these people? Yeah, that'd be nice. Except I didn't sell out before, so I'd be reluctant to do it now. I would like to play with ultra-modern equipment. That would be interesting, to amass some real zinger amps. I was playing down here with a rock group, the Bizarros, from '77 to '79, and we did very well, we had a great time, but then people got ambitious and I wasn't ambitious. They wanted to tour and make records and start calling people up and I said, 'No, no, A.I. I want to do is play in Texas roadhouses. And for no money. I want to go back to the way it was when I started. Just do it for laughs.' So my experience with the Bizarros meant that I couldn't function on any fun musical level, which is a real grim realization.

"I miss guitar playing. I don't practice much. I like to play every now and then, but if someone came along with the opportunity I'd have to say 'Well, I can't. Listen, I'm not in shape. No chops. After I finish my degree, maybe, but part of the reason my degree drags on is to isolate me from that sort of thing. I didn't used to think that, but lately I do. You ought to be able to fool around, though, and I discovered the hard way that I couldn't. And it cost me friendships, that's the really hard thing to take."

Sterling fell silent. It was almost 2 A.M., and I had overstayed my welcome, but something that he had said earlier in the evening when we were listening to the new

LP had stuck in my mind. He had wondered aloud why Lou seemed to feel so self-satisfied, I asked him what he had meant by that.

Sterling struggled. I don't know. Do you think his work is so great? I don't know, of course, what he's trying to do. He certainly had the most ambition of all of us, or he was the most focused. I prefer John's solo stuff. John's is a strange beg: he tries harder on them. I think Lou's releases sort of baffle me. The worst song on any of our albums is better than 'Say, Say, Can't Dance' or that current thing, 'I Love You, Suzanne.' That must be the worst ever. Trivial lyrics, no chords. Lou wants to be Paul Simon, somewhere deep down that's what he wants. It's not even deep down, he's been hanging out with Paul. Sterling laughed.

I asked if he was still in contact with Lou.

"Not so much lately because of the legal disputes. The royalties, Lou is willing to be friends if he gets to keep all the money. He's done some shocking manipulations. You know, we were all friends before any of this stuff happened, but that's not the way it's functioning these days, so there's no reason I should talk to him. Look, we really should wrap this up.

I picked up, we got our coats, and Sterling and I walked out to his car, an old blue Toyota with a 'No Nukes' bumper sticker on one fender and a 'Mundale, Ferrara' one on the other. Sterling was telling me how much they liked living in Texas, especially Martha. In New York there were no friends for the kid, and Martha was always afraid.

We talked a bit about the contemporary music scene on the drive back to where I was staying. It's really awful, isn't it? Sterling said. The only thing I could compare it to is the Paul and Paula era. Black music is a bitter disappointment. Prince is just trying to be Hendrix. Purple Haze. Purple Rain. That's no accident."

How about producing? Maybe that was a way for Sterling to get back into music. I seemed to be grasping for straws.

He made a face. "The thing that stops me from producing is that when I was first starting people insisted they knew exactly what we needed to do. They had the answers. I was put off by it. Let me make the dumb records the way I thought they should be made. I don't want to come on now like the kind of asshole I looked down upon then.

We drove on down the I-35 in silence. I'm really shy. Sterling finally offered. Rather than be misunderstood, I'd rather say and do nothing. Word is out on me that I don't give a shit, but that's not so. When the new wave scene was going on here I could be seen taking in and out of the clubs listening. I wish there was a band I felt strongly about. I wish I could give you a group that I liked. Who should I like? Who should mention that would make people think I was a great guy? He laughed. Nanette Fabray was as good a singer as Madonna. I don't like Springsteen. Born in the USA is the worst thing I've ever heard. You know that patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels. Calling him the Boss is regrettable. He's got no melody, no vocals, no chords, and words, words, words that don't do much to me. I don't see him as a street-wise punk. He's too scrawny and stupid. I like the Go-Go's, their first album. I've always approved of girls having their own bands."

We were nearing my place. I could tell by the topless bars. Maybe Maryanne will grow up and start her own band. I said cheerfully.

She's taking piano now, so she'll probably branch out to synthesizers. Sterling said. But I don't know. It's such an unhealthy life.

We pulled up into the driveway, and Sterling offered his hand. A soul handshake. He mumbled some apologies again for being so tired and said he hoped there was something he had said that I could use. And then he smiled. Tell John that he needs me to play guitar for him. Then he made a U-turn and headed back to student housing.

Sterling Says...

The new Velvet Underground album *VU* is a delightful discovery. A true bridge between the three albums and the pop-oriented *Louie*, it features good ensemble playing, fine vocals by Lou and Doug Yule and charming versions of songs that would later show up recycled on some of Lou's solo efforts.

But to get a true assessment of the album's worth, we went to one of the severest critics of the whole Velvet oeuvre: their own guitarist Sterling Morrison. Here is his analysis, as he put it: *Can I Start A Pleasure*—Glad. Worth preserving. Good, vocal. Bass ticks, punch. *Black Ambers*—Of old times, in some way.

Sepulture Joke—Pretty. Care plays base, crotch, and the very romantic vocal line. We could do songs like this any time we felt so.

She's My Best Friend—Part one of Doug's better vocals (not one of Moe's better drum mixes). Guitar playing takes interest in otherwise pedestrian melody.

Love Train—Monotonous and incomplete. "He missing something?" I trust we would have added later. Lacks "crotch." I think the vocal is singularly poor. Lou's vocal is weak, structure, and scratchy, and he is fishing for notes during the bridge. On this cut, on other words. Lou's vocal is, at the best nowadays, which is a far cry from how he used to sound.

Drugs—This song had potential, but it is an longer forgettable. Hate the 18" Overture. Bombardier from Mad Max, desperately to be turned down and the volume, a pleasant back-slash, nameless brought up in the mix.

Foggy Notion—My guitar work, as an example, is not as good as when I was young, really well at the end. A spectacular band. *Love Train*—A relic from the days when we were a fun bunch who had each other's company (if not necessary) each other's background singers.

One of These Dares—Impassive version over "rough mix" because it brings to the fore a previously buried guitar figure. The slide part should be up for the solo, however, and once.

Andy's Chest—Nice singing, archaic guitar and peculiar shuffle rhythm. I don't care for the vocal, but the track is interesting, but pretentious, like the Transformer version of his piece.

I'm Sticking with You—Very pleasant, succeeds at being what was intended to be. Unfolds musically like a power hand-worn that show all you not until the end. The direct link to *Louie*, and thus appropriately lost on the album.

Overall, I find this stuff pretty nice, but I'm glad it's available in a decent form. The record probably won't be in any new form, in my opinion, but happily it will please (or annoy) some old ones.



Blue Velvets. From left: Maureen Tucker, John Cale, Sterling Morrison and Lou Reed

For Publication: Interview with

by James Verniere



Paul Bartel

We're all dog food to Paul Bartel. At least that's the sentiment that informs *Eating Raoul*. Bartel's satire of American consumerism in which he and his delightful co-star, Mary Woronov, murder swingers whose bodies end up at a doggie-food plant. *Eating Raoul*, which copped the most attention, critical and popular, at the 1982 New York Film Festival, was one of the most successful non-exploitation independent features of the decade. The odd thing is that despite a considerable following, and a collection of rave reviews from the established press, Bartel remains an unacquired taste to the corporations that run Hollywood's film studios.

Raised in Montclair, New Jersey, and educated at UCLA and the Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia in Italy, Bartel first established himself as a filmmaker in the late sixties as a member of the New York underground when his two shorts, *Naughty Nurses* and *The*

Secret Cinema, attracted favorable critical attention. *Private Parts* (1973), Bartel's first feature (and a film produced by Roger Corman's brother, Gene), further established him as a master of the offbeat. A demented study of sex and violence set in a crumbling L.A. hotel packed full of loonies, *Private Parts* was yanked after a brief release by MGM, but has since attracted cult status on the repertory circuit. Bartel's second feature, the now-legendary *Death Race 2000* (1975), was his first major success, perhaps because he hit upon the perfect combination of warped vision and unalloyed commercialism. A futuristic action film/social satire, *Death Race 2000* is the story of race-car drivers who score points by maiming and killing pedestrians. Made for less than \$500,000 and starring David Carradine and a pre-Rocky Sylvester Stallone, *Death Race 2000* earned more than \$5 million at home and much more abroad, where it

was a smash in Europe, Japan, and Australia. In fact, the film was so popular in Australia that many believe it inspired at least one imitation: George Miller's *Mad Max* (1980).

But it was *Eating Raoul* that established Bartel as a recognizable figure in American film, in part because he cast himself as Woronov's nerdy husband in the film. Since then, Bartel has directed *Not for Publication*, a spoof of American politics and exploitative tabloids, and *Last in the Dust*, a parody of Westerns, starring Tab Hunter and the inimitable Divine.

Although he has at least two more films in the planning stages, the future seems a bit fuzzy for Paul Bartel. What is clear is that he is more of an intellectual than his previous work might suggest, and that if the film studios hold him in contempt, the feeling is mutual.

—James Verniere

Eating Raoul Director Paul Bartel

HM: *Eating Raoul* was generally perceived as a satire. Is that right?

PB: Well, yes, on the whole I consider it a satire of middle class values, not so much of consumer culture. I was more concerned with the relative negative values of sex and violence in our society, and since those are the staples of motion picture entertainment, it seemed like an appropriate basis for a movie.

HM: What was the inspiration for your follow-up film, *Not for Publication*?

PB: *Not for Publication* was written some fifteen years ago, and at the time it was the kind of movie I most wanted to make. By a peculiar coincidence, having had to make other pictures to get into the movie business and then having made *Raoul* as a very personal film, I was back again to wanting to make *Not for Publication*. It is a valentine to the movies of the thirties and forties and to their romantic illusions.

HM: If it is a valentine, it's also iconoclastic in the way that *Eating Raoul* is. I mean the heroine of those old movies didn't sleep with the villain just because she felt like getting laid. Jean Arthur would not approve.

PB: That is a violation of the conventions, but I hope that, just as in *Eating Raoul*, the principal characters, although insane and homicidal, are also sweet. That if I violate the conventions, I am still true to the spirit. It is an optimistic, basically good-hearted approach. But I must admit that one female critic did object to the heroine's sleeping with the bad guy.

HM: But that does go on in real life.

PB: It's like conversation these days.

HM: Has it been easier for you to get your films backed now that you've had a hit?

PB: Easier, perhaps, but not easy. I've been independent all my life. My first feature was produced by Roger Corman's brother. And then I worked for Roger for a while. *Death Race 2000*, *Cannibal Ferox*. More lately, the money for *Not for Publication* came from an independent source in England. They sought me out and let me make whatever I wanted.

HM: How did that feel after years of struggling?

PB: Delightful.

HM: Where do you get ideas for scripts like, say, *Last in the Dust*?

PB: Actually, *Last in the Dust* was an assignment, although I did revise the script considerably.

HM: The film stars Divine. Doesn't everyone associate that performer with John Waters?

PB: Well, yes, and I'm a great fan of John's. In fact, in the sequel to *Eating Raoul*, which is called *Blond Ambition* and is written but not financed, we have a large role for John. He'll play the lead of an

orphanage.

HM: But what about ideas for your own scripts? Where do they come from?

PB: Out of my subconscious. The original idea for *Eating Raoul* was just to do a movie with Mary Woronov. My original idea was that we should play detectives like Mr. and Mrs. North, but my writing partner, Dick Blackburn, felt that had been done too much on TV, so he suggested that we do a variation on *The Honeymoon Killers*.

HM: Was Blackburn referring to the movie or the true story that it was based on?

PB: The movie, the one with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco. I'm often inspired by old movies and doing variations on them.

HM: There was a time when movies inspired by other films—films full of homages—were well received. But there seems to be a backlash against them today.

PB: I know what you mean, and I'm making to see what happens to *Not for Publication* because of that. I wanted to make a charming movie that plays variations on old themes, but what I'm getting is disappointment from the critics.

"The studio was considering adapting a work by Oscar Wilde and asked if Wilde was available to write the script."

in large part because it isn't farther out than *Raoul*. I probably should have done a film noir or a musical as a follow-up.

HM: What about *Last in the Dust*? Will it be out there?

PB: *Last in the Dust* is a very conventional parody Western. It has lots of sex scenes. It has an edge to it. I have a feeling that the audience that loved *Revenge of the Nerds* would be just as entertained.

HM: When you say sex scenes, do you mean farcical sex with Divine and Tab Hunter?

PB: Yes, it's rape in the second reel.

HM: Will you run afoul of the MPAA?

PB: I don't know yet, but we did with *Not for Publication* because they detected "sanitized sodomy" in the orgy scene.

HM: It seems to me that you could have changed your independent status as a filmmaker at a couple of junctures. Why didn't you?

PB: It's partially by choice, but not completely. The studios have never really wanted to me. They are not interested in having me work for them.

HM: Why is that?

PB: It's purely economic. My movies have never made enough money to register in their minds. *Eating Raoul* made money relative to its cost but not relative to the figures that interest studios.

HM: But some mainstream directors make flop after expensive flop and continue to land big films.

PB: They're in the club.

HM: What kinds of things make you laugh? What do you do for fun?

PB: Generally, I seek the company of amusing friends. I have a collection of sixteen- and thirty-five-millimeter films, actually a joint collection that I share with Joe Dante and another friend.

HM: What sort of films have you contributed to the collection?

PB: Mostly European films and a few American films that I've gotten through the black market. I also collect books, first editions. I track down the writers I like and get them to sign my copies.

HM: Which writers?

PB: Philip Roth, John le Carré, Harry Crews, Tom Morrison, Harold Pinter.

HM: You sound like a closer, collector.

PB: I've always liked to read. I love theater, too. I collect Sondheim.

HM: Why haven't you approached these authors to work on a script with you?

PB: I've never been in a position to offer them the kind of money I assume they get.

HM: Given your refined sensibility, to what do you attribute your warped sense of humor?

PB: Gee, I don't know. The movies I liked when I was growing up were made by Billy Wilder, Hitchcock, and Walt Disney. But when I was in college I was drawn to Kurosawa and Beckett.

HM: Do you think that the other art forms feed into film?

PB: Oh, very much so. They do for me. **HM:** Then how do you explain the low esteem film continues to be held in by so-called "serious" artists?

PB: Well, it is true that some directors seem to be more influenced by films than by the other arts—Brian De Palma, for instance. But Marty Scorsese seems very in touch with literary and social forces.

HM: Do you think it's true that contemporary American films are more influenced by television than by anything else?

PB: Yes, and it's a terrible influence, especially since television is the ultimate purchaser of films to begin with. To start out making films you can see on television is morose. Of course, there are exceptions: "Saturday Night Live" as both a training ground and a satirical form; had a beneficial influence on films.

HM: Is filmmaking for you a way to indulge in the fantasies you had as a

teenager in Montreal, New Jersey.

PB: I suppose so, although I'm not terribly analytical. Moreover, the films I make are always written in collaboration with someone else. One of the things I like about filmmaking is that it's a collaborative medium, a lot of social intercourse. So I don't think my films end up as pure expressions of my fantasies or subconscious longings. They're confessions, and I am basically interested in entertaining.

HM: Were you an entertaining child?

PB: I did some acting when I was ten or twelve. I guess I had an urge to entertain.

HM: After graduating from UCLA you studied film in Italy on a Fulbright scholarship. Have you ever considered making a film in Europe? Apparently you're very well regarded there.

PB: I don't know if I'm well regarded there. *Death Race 2000* was a hit, but *Eating Raul* was never bought for distribution in France or Italy.

HM: Why not?

PB: For several reasons. First of all, the currency was so low that they didn't want to spend money acquiring American films that didn't have big stars. Plus, the film was shown in Germany, where it was well received by the critics, but it didn't do any business. Oddly enough, *Death Race 2000* was just resented in Europe under a new name. It was originally distributed with a French title that literally meant *Death Race*.

2000 The new title translates as *The Roadmasters*, very resistant of *Tar Road Warrior*.

HM: Which was inspired by *Death Race 2000* to begin with.

PB: Well, it's true it was a smash in Australia. George Miller told me it inspired him, and I was very flattered. But he certainly took the raw ideas and perfected them.

HM: Would you ever consider doing that kind of film again?

PB: I have a script called *Frankencar* which was very nearly produced by United Artists, but they withdrew a week before preproduction was to start. I'd like to do that some time. It's a very funny script.

HM: What's the plot?

PB: The premise is that a young race-car driver has his neurosurgeon father develop a car that responds directly to his brain. It simply does what he thinks. But it's sabotaged by a financier who's trying to get control of the invention. The driver is burned and loses his arms and legs and part of his face. His father announces that he has died, but struggles his still living body out of the hospital. He then rebuilds the car with the kid in it, so that it becomes a living being—part man, part car. The rest of the film is revenge time. I wrote the film with Dick Blackburn, and one day it will get made.

HM: I don't suppose you'd like to hook up

with Mr. Corman again?

PB: No. Mr. Corman is in the Mr. Corman business.

HM: It's odd that you ended up at Corman's New World pictures to begin with. After all, you'd studied film in Europe at the height of the New Wave.

PB: Odd, but not impossible.

HM: In fact, you studied film during a period when many filmmakers were being influenced by Marxist theory.

PB: But Marxism was never one of my interests.

"I suppose [I am] an unreliable director of strange comedies."

HM: Still, some Marxist critics have made quite a lot out of the social criticism in *Eating Raul* and *Prison Parts*.

PB: Some time ago when I was in Cannes, I met Tobe Hooper, who had just finished *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, which was being screened as part of the Directors' Fortnight. At the time, a Polish director explained to me the art of socialist exploitation and said that any work can be rationalized in socialist terms. To prove his point we got together and explicated *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* in socialist terms.

Clearly, the murderous butchers were members for the disposition of a consumer society, and so forth and so on. I saw that exploitation quoted in paper after paper.

HM: You're a well-educated and perhaps intellectual person. Does that make it difficult for you to deal with the people who run the film studios in this country?

PB: Let me tell you another story. I know one intimate associate of the head of a major film studio who, when told the studio was considering adapting a work by Oscar Wilde, asked if Wilde was available to write the script. This studio head has in fact refused even to screen *Lani in the Dawn*. And the head of publicity at that studio told me he would prefer not to look at my film because if he saw and liked it, and recommended it, he might be fired.

HM: How do you cope with the problems that arise when you work in an art form that is also a big business?

PB: I just try to work with people that have liked my films.

HM: But don't you also have to knock yourself out of the mainstream?

PB: Well, I'm not particularly interested in making a film like, for instance, *Gremlins*—which I liked very much. I would prefer to go on making unusual and offbeat pictures. The problem with the studios is that they perceive your strength to be whatever you did that was successful. So at one time I was a hot director of automobile action films.

HM: And what are you now?

PB: I suppose an unreliable director of strange comedies.



NY Informer editor Troppogrosso (Richard Paul) describes the key elements of the ideal tabloid news story in *Not for Publication*

The European Humor Connection



The April issue of the National Lampoon is the most important and funniest collection of European humor ever to appear in any American magazine.

Writers and artists from England, France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Poland, Yugoslavia, even Latvia, will show you what our European cousins are laughing at. (In some cases it's us.)

The European issue of the National Lampoon with all European contributors.

The April issue: On sale, mid-March, at newsstands and bookstores and supermarkets and delicatessens and tree nurseries everywhere.



WELCOME TO BROOKLYN, GARDEN SPOT OF NEW YORK OR WHAT USED TO BE NEW YORK. IT'S A MESS. NOBODY LIVES HERE NOW. AT LEAST NOBODY YOU'D WANT TO MEET. OUTCASTS AND INSPTS. REBELS. THE STREETS ARE A BATTLEGROUND. TAKE A STEP OFF YOUR OWN TURF AND YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE. AND THEN THERE'S THE SANITATION POLICE.

REBEL

YOU AREN'T
NUTHIN
BUT A
ROUND DOG

♪ LAYIN'
ALL THE
TIME ♪

YOU DON'T HAVE
CHANCE

HEY!





THESE DAYS YOU CAN'T CALL
THE UTILITY COMPANY WHEN
SOMETHING BREAKS THEN
AGAIN, THERE AREN'T ANY
BILLS EITHER





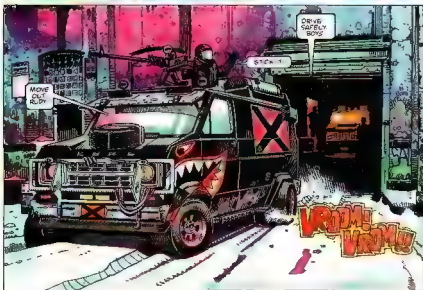
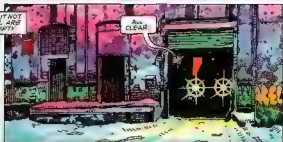
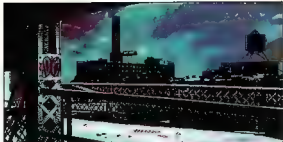
YEAH SHRIMP THAT'S WHAT MADE ME FALL FOR HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE

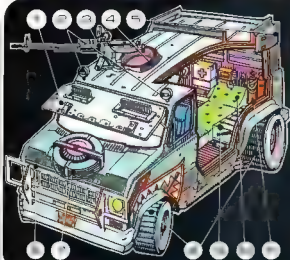
OKAY OKAY YOU TWO HAD BETTER GET READY

OOOPS HERE GOES THE LAST CAN

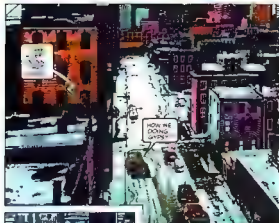


TWILIGHT IN THE CITY
MOONLIGHT REFLECTS
FROM THE SMOKESTACKS,
AND ONTO A MILLION DARK
WINDOWS WHICH FILL THE
CITY LIKE A SEA OF
EMPTY EYE SOCKETS...





1. ARMOR WINDSHIELD
2. LIGHTS
3. M-16 RIFLE
4. UPPER MATCH
5. JACKS
6. TITANIUM CRASH BAR
7. STEAK
8. SOLID STEEL REINFORCED ALL TOWERS
9. ARSENAL
10. FRONT AND REAR
11. DOUBLE SHELL ARMOR PLATING





WE WANT YOUR MONEY



A B C D E Photo by Brian Ransworth

A Born Wingstone's **Hanover Flute** and his on-the-wall accomplice, **Captain Stennis**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for summer. **\$7.50.**
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

B The original **Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product! **\$7.50.**
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large ☐ red ☐ black

C *Heavy Metal's* pride and joy, our silver satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining and four pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **\$36.00.**
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

D *Heavy Metal's* phosphorescent T-shirt. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a night-lit to find your way to the bathroom. **\$3.40.**
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large ☐ sleeveless ☐ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your favorite dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultracheap image. **\$15.95.**
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Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. Add 8 1/4% sales tax if you live in New York State. Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM405, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

And I would be helpful if we knew your

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

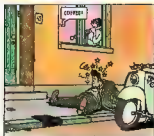
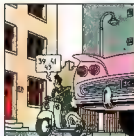
If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

Goodbye

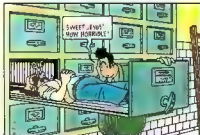












SORRY, I HAVE NO
TIME. I'M ABOUT TO
CRACK THIS CASE
WIDE OPEN





a bit later

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO
SEE MY HUSBAND,
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO
AROUND THE CORNER
TO HIS WORKSHOP



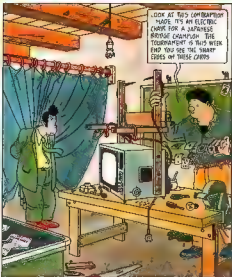
COME ON IN
PLEASED TO BEER
CONTECTING ME



SIR, I MUST
HAVE A TALK
WITH YOU.
YOU ARE IN
OUR SUSPICION
FOR THE SUICIDE
OR MURDER
OF --



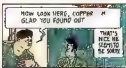
YOUR INSPIRED BY THE
VICTIM'S PROFESSION
THAT'S HOW I WORK



LOOK AT THIS COMBINATION
MADE IT'S AN ELECTRIC
CHAMP FOR A JAPANESE
BRIDGE CHAMPION. THE
TOURNAMENT IS THIS WEEK
END YOU SEE THE SHARP
EDGES OF THESE CARDS



SIR, YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR
MIND. YOU ARE DANGEROUS
AND NOT A NICE PERSON. I
MIGHT AND YOU ARE ALSO
VERY SLOPPY. I SUSPECTED
YOU FROM THE START!



NOW LOOK HERE, COPPER. I
GLAD YOU FOUND OUT

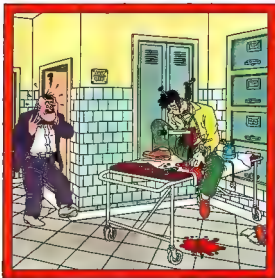
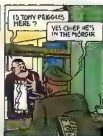
THAT'S
NICE HE
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YOU'VE MADE IT
POSSIBLE FOR ME
TO COMBINE A
DETECTIVE FROM
THE FORCE



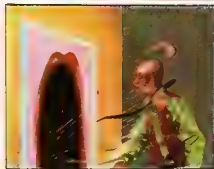
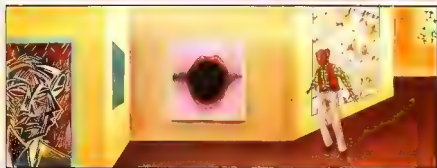
HAVE THE PERFECT SUICIDE WORKED
BUT FOR YOU DON'T BE SCARED
YOU'LL HARDLY FEEL A THING

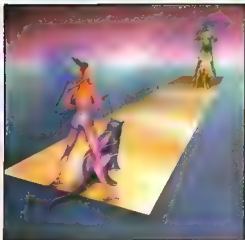


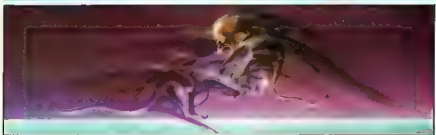
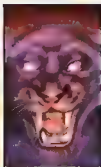
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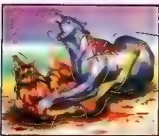
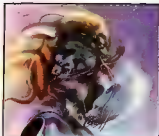
The Fighter

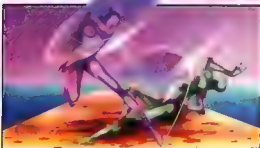
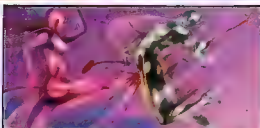
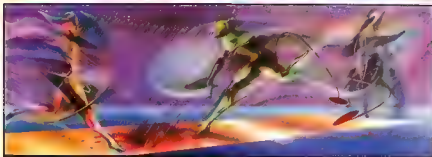
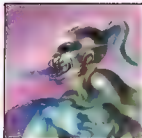
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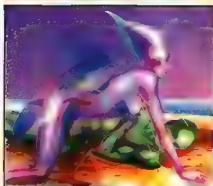
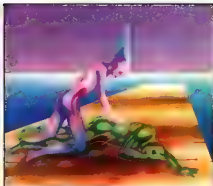
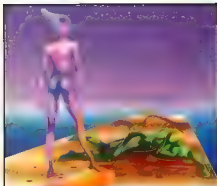


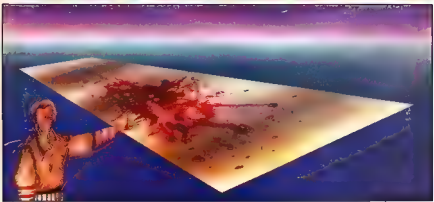
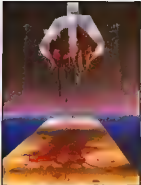


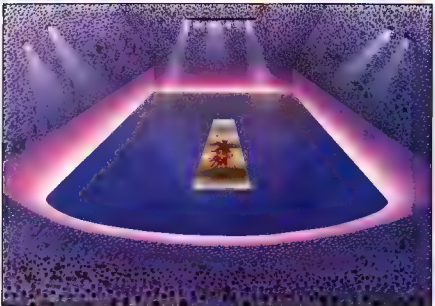
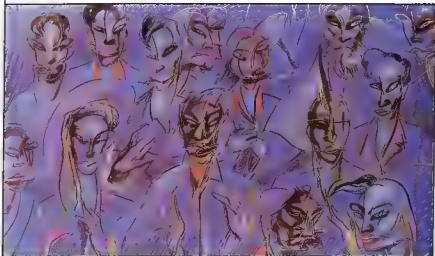


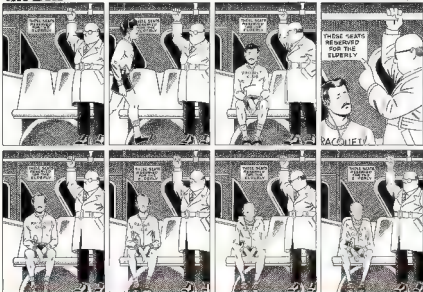












COMING:

- Daniel Torres's *Armando Mistral* ("Twiston") returns!
- Will the *Alice in Wonderland* phenomenon ever end?
- *Liberation* takes cover!

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '75: Russian astronauts, conquering America, the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '75: Macbeth's "Rock-bell," Hugh's graceful "Shells," beginning of Dennis' World Apart. Moebius' Corben. Bode more

#4/JULY '75: Lots of Moebius. "Razach," "The Long Tomorrow," conclusion of "Sungay"

#5/AUGUST '75: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '75: Roger Zorn has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '75: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. Moebius' "Night Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again

#8/NOVEMBER '75: New Harlan Ellison fiction. 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '75: Extra pages for the complete "Vizz," by Draillet. "Fortune's Post" by Chaykin and Weiss, plus full-color Corben. Macbeth, Clemens, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '76: Morrison illustrates Zelazny. Loh and Richard update Ulysses. "Conquering America" concludes. "Den" continues

#11/FEBRUARY '76: New adventures of Barbarella, cover and center spread by Nemo plus Moebius and Corben

#12/MARCH '76: Greg Morrison's pseudonymous "Orion" debuts, more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den"

#13/APRIL '76: Our 50 anniversary story issue. A 16-page insert from "Paradise 9." Barbarella gives birth while "Den" wraps it up

#14/MAY '76: Urm and the Mad wavers between "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue and Alex Jones tips his hat

#15/JUNE '76: Corben introduces Shalimar. Staigroff's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated more "Barbarella" and the origins of "Hellman"

#16/JULY '76: A happy ending for Barbarella, a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Drufflet's "Gall" more "Hellman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST '76: Esterson's story 17. Ellison's illustrated "Glass Golem," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#18/SEPTEMBER '76: Twenty pages of the Delam's "Banking Empire" more "Sindbad," 2-sterminator Major Grubert. Hellman's "Star Trek" more



#19/OCTOBER '76: The stockings full with "Orion," Karchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#20/NOVEMBER '76: Trina debuts and Drufflet concludes "Gall," plus McKie and Corben

#21/DECEMBER '76: Galactic Geographic's "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous"

#22/JANUARY '77: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Baxter's "The Stars My Destination." "Star Crown" II and Ellison's are shown

#23/FEBRUARY '77: Case study show with "New Ark City" plus May Erik Suydam. Galactic Geographic, Bode more

#24/MARCH '77: Trick. Buck Rogers, a lizard named Elvis, and Little Red 3.1 alongside Montellier and Moebius

#25/APRIL '77: A Halloween tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Drufflet. Sturgeon, others

#26/MAY '77: Corben's "Ravell," Bode's "Zooke," Brunner's "Eric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more

#27/JUNE '77: A Christmas package from Ezra Corben. Koford. Suydam. Stiles. Trina. Moebius, and Ellison plus "Games and Games"

#28/JULY '77: An eerie Galactic cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfen" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Mac's warth on a crazed acid trip

#29/AUGUST '77: Who did the Creator? take "Leanne." Read the Schuster strip! Plus Corben, Mitron, Moebius, and Lee Harris's "Good Vibeaters."

#30/SEPTEMBER '77: Our Jod anniversary issue—52 pages of "Champakow" in living color (realism) of Moebius's "Urbright Garage," plus Corben, Bode, Harwarth, Corben, Bode, and more

#31/OCTOBER '77: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Alex ever find out? Will "Champakow" reach the DoD of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Martini, too?

#32/NOVEMBER '77: Champakow meets his fate while Captain Stern saves the day and it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth

#33/DECEMBER '77: Drufflet returns with Salamoni while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" and is interviewed. Bode continues "Progress"

#34/JANUARY '78: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bode's "Progress" picks up again. Ernie Crilan, Paul Kirschner, Loni Duranov, Contrabuse tells shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger

#35/FEBRUARY '78: Corben's "Blood star," Governor's "Good-bye, Soldier," Harris North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera

#36/MARCH '78: Premiers of Chaykin's "Lucky Starbuck" and Bode's "The Immortal Fete!" Plus: Sturgeon's "The Jolly Budge" and Will Jones's "Burroughs on immortality"

#37/APRIL '78: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of Outland premieres. Howard's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Cozz, Chaykin, Crepus, and Workman

#38/MAY '78: Jemmanov's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Seguelles, and Bode all frame the art of Lee and Chase Ellison beautifully

#39/JUNE '78: Our "Happy Future" issue. Incudes Arno Lussat, Yoss, Hsi and Ellison, and "The Autogenous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Seguelles, and Steranko

#40/JULY '78: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Isral Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—angle Plus Fernandez Jones, Schukin

#41/AUGUST '78: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercurus," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc

#42/SEPTEMBER '78: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. War with Cleveland. Drufflet. Moebius, Bode, and an essay on J.G. Ballard. You'll be busy until next tick

#62/JUNE '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." The Art of De la Schwabinger Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lacey

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Circle issue with artists Voss, Cota, Sebell and R. Crumb, all now rounded by regulars: Drauflet, Moebius, Schuiten and Fernandez

#64/JULY '82: Manole and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights* and *Flamboy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Drauflet



#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Age" Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Mecht's "Music, Video Interface: Luppoff a Barsom" and Hange's "Object" Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eldo's Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S. Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/OCTOBER '82: Part I of Kalata's "Starmuck" introduces "Les Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Drauflet's "Tragical" Plus a peek at Wrightson's National Lampoon's *Cross Reaction*

#69/NOVEMBER '82: A Wall Stone features the return of Sam Sam's "Modding" and Mark Fisher's "Amiso Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez and Kierkegaard

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal* and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*. Kim Deitch's *Eating Ramen*, and regulars Corben, Kalata, Crepac, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Hange and a warm welcome to Guller's "C.I. that Didn't End" A Guller on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kalata and more

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Hildegarde's Eye," and Sour's "The Odysey," along with Kalata, Crepac, and Wicketman

#74/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomed," the end of Crepac's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the J-D science fiction thriller *Spacewar*

#76/JULY '83: Liberator's "Rancor," the end of Kalata's "Starmuck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debate, Gurnee's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed (all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rosemary Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist"

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walker Hill! Rocky and Boltunski!!! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepac's "Venturing the Pirate" Eryon

#81/DECEMBER '83: Hammer busts out. Valentino comes on strong. Artist Liberator is interviewed. Lots more.

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Black's sampler memoirs "Ransom in New York" and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Serpent*

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John Dillond returns. And David Black's *My Viewpoint* comes to an end

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Kierkegaard ends his New York adventure

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover

#86/MAY '84: "The Railway" begins. "Rancor" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050's for the price of one."



#87/JUNE '84: Steve Isakerman talks about "Liquid Sky," "Laser" and The Hunting Party get started

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnyman John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-winded art from Jeronatan

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kestner: Straphs: Captain: Penelope Speeris: Godmother of Punk: Ed Nahn: Good Winner of Bad Movies

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual NAM Music Video Awards: Lou Stathos interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus Denver Comber director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The film interview with director John Sayles. Casa drops by and Jeronatan and Bilal continue

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins. Jeronatan ends, and Paul Kierkegaard gives us some "Cool" Plus, shock director John Waters tells us about his month in the NAM interview

#93/DECEMBER '84: NAM's 1984 fin with a Federico Fellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberator presents his latest, "Sat. House." And yet another "Marion-Skies."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Rancho*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Tilken" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malic, and the end of Bilal and Christa's "The Hearing Parts" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaria."

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TRADING CARDS

6 Cards From A Series Of 24... Collect 'Em All!

Bela Lugosi

6

Actor-Junkie

Ed Wood Jr.

1

Writer-Director-Actor

Criswell

23

Propheteer

Vampira

17

T.V. Horror Hostess

Dudley Manlove

12

Announcer

Tor Johnson

Actor-Wrestler

El BORBAH

BONE
Voyage

STORY SO FAR EL BORBAH HAS BEEN HIRED TO FIND WALDA KISSING WHILE FOLLOWING AN OBSCURE CLUE HE STUMBLES ONTO A SECRET ORGANIZATION CALLED BROTHERS OF THE BONE AT THIS MOMENT THEY'RE AFTER HIS ASS

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT LOLLY?



THERE HE IS! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



OUTTA MY WAY, I'M COMING THROUGH!



A MINUTE LATER

MAN I'M GLAD TO GET OUT OF THAT PSYCHO WARD. THIS CASE IS STARTING TO COOK!



SOMEHOW THAT MISS NG CHICK IS TIED IN WITH THOSE WISHBONE BOYS, BUT I JUST CAN'T FIGURE IT YET



ANYHOW I GOT SOME SERIOUS BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF. FIRST THE PHOTOSTORE



AND \$2.95 IS YOUR CHANGE. WOULD YOU LIKE AN ENTRYFORM FOR OUR 'AMERICA'S COMING BACK STRONG' PHOTO CONTEST?

ONLY \$1.95



HUH... IF THEY HAD A CONTEST FOR SUGGEST A HEAD THEY'D HAVE TO GIVE YOU FIRST PRIZE



YES, S.R. HAVE A NICE DAY AND THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT PHOTOLAND!



WOW! WE'RE TALKING PORNO



IT'S HER! IT'S WALDA, AND SHE'S MAKIN' IT WITH SOME OLD GEEZER



AND THE OLD GEEZER HAS SOME SORT OF TATTOO ON HIS BACK



SHAPED LIKE A WISHBONE









HEY! OUT
MESSIN' WITH THAT
THING AND TELL
ME WHERE SHE
DISAPPEARED TO.

I'M NOT SURE,
BUT I RECALL
RANKO MENTIONING
SOMETHING ABOUT
SEEING HER AT THE
SONA VILLA...



THE SONA VILLA. IT'S
SORT OF AN ENTERTAIN-
MENT RESORT FOR THE
BROTHERHOOD IT WOULD
BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND
HER - THE SECURITY
IS TOO TIGHT



MAYBE NOT SO
IMPOSSIBLE IF I'VE GOT
YOU ALONG AS AN ESCORT
LET'S GET GOING, I'LL
LAY IT ALL OUT FOR YOU
WHILE YOU'RE DRIVING



TWO HOURS LATER -

Y-YOU'RE
CRAZY! IT'LL
NEVER WORK!
THEY'LL KILL
ME!

AW, QUIT YOUR
DAMN WHINING AND
KEEP YOUR EYES
ON THE ROAD
JAMESBURN!



WE'RE
ALMOST
THERE!

PULL OVER...I'VE
GOTTA GET THIS
HALF ASSSED
LOST-WE ON



O.K. DOC IF YOU
JUST TAKE IT EASY
AND REMEMBER WHAT
I TOLD YOU, WE MIGHT
GET OUT OF THIS IN
ONE PIECE.



YOUR ID
PLEASE.

Y-YES, OF
COURSE



THANK YOU
DOCTOR, YOU CAN
DRIVE RIGHT
THROUGH



CONT NUED

THE VENGEANCE OF ARN, FRAGMENTS.

by Dionnet and Gal

THEY HAD LEFT BEHIND AT DUSK AND HAD MARCHED INTO DARK



THEY STOOD WAITING UNDER THE BURNING RAYS OF THE RISING SUN



ONLY NOW BECAME THEY AWARE OF THE FACT THAT THEY WERE WAITING FOR









end



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